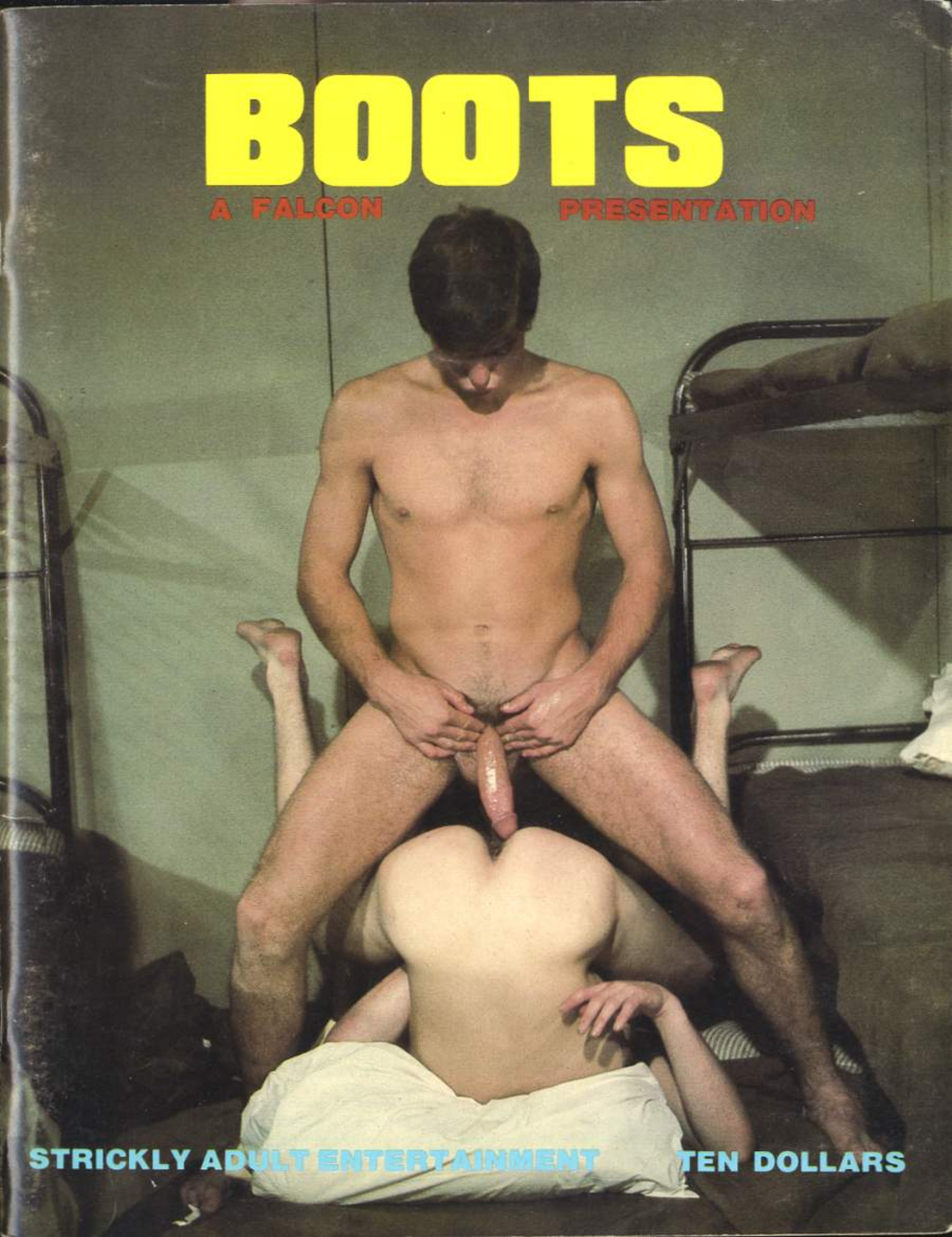
BOOTS
A FALCON PRESENTATION
STRICKLY ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
TEN DOLLARS

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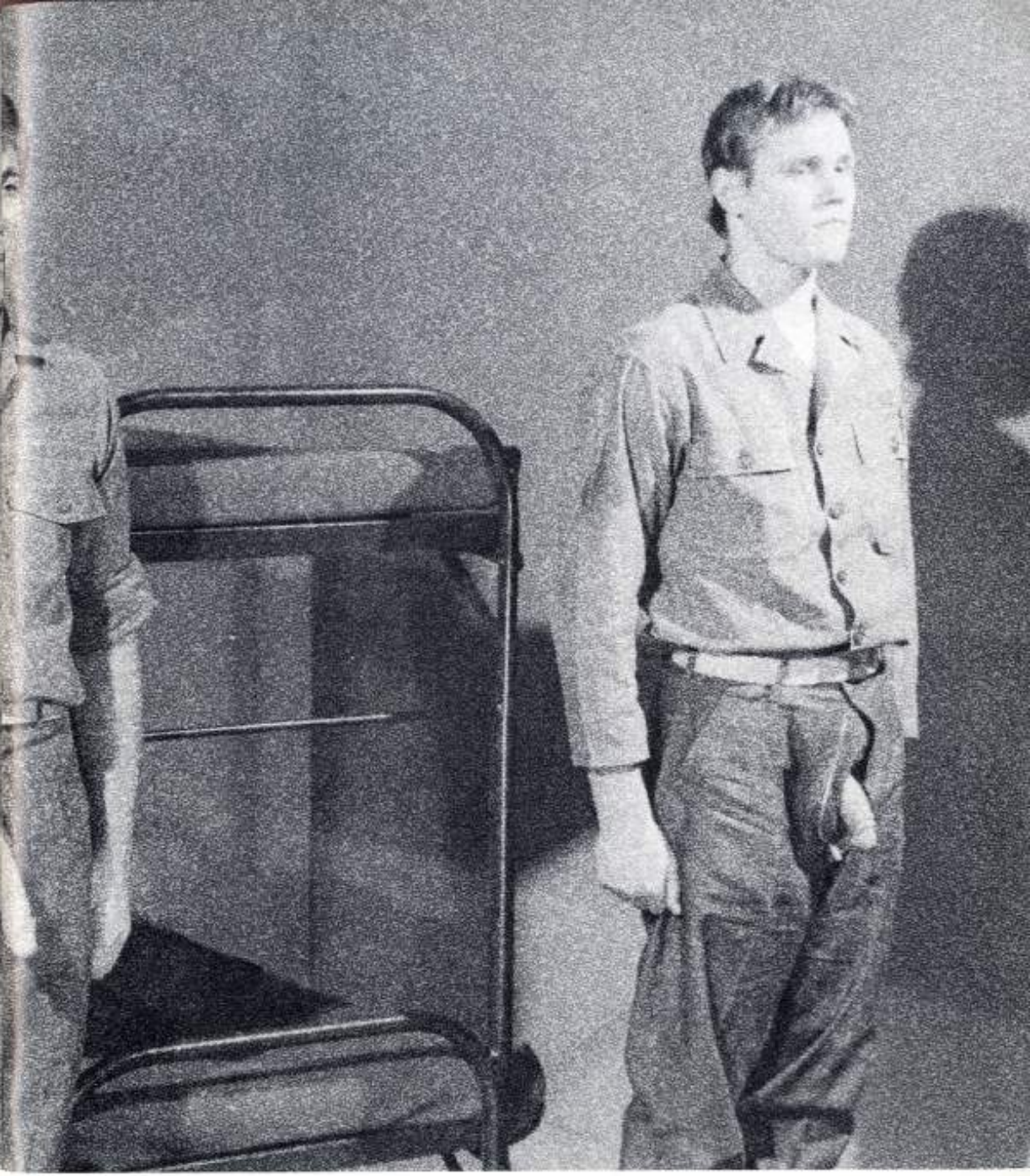
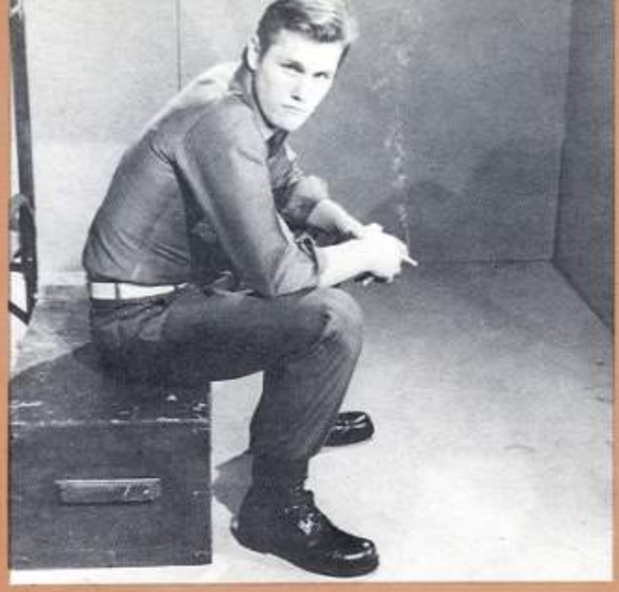
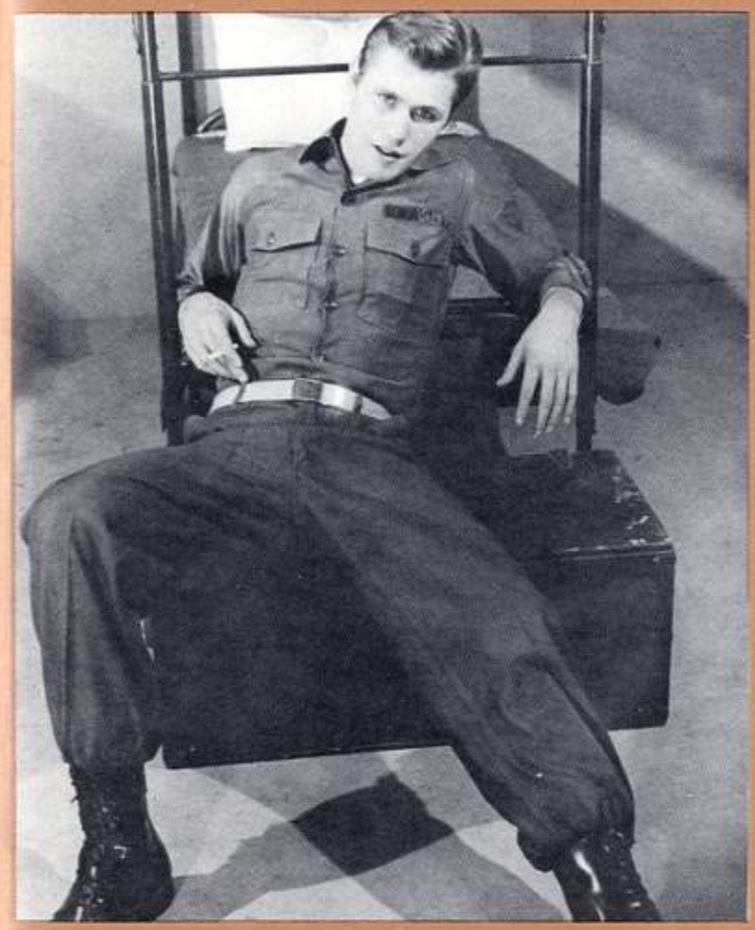


Sale is restricted to adults where permitted by law.

All photos in this publication are posed by professional models and text accompanying the photos is not intended to portray the actual names or conduct of the models.





OFF-DUTY

"Fuck Sergeant Fat-Ass! Fuck the platoon! Fuck the whole goddamn Army!"

Private Chuck Reddy was pissed. He and another young guy from his unit, Pvt. Mike Savage, had been gigged by their first-sergeant during uniform inspection and were restricted to the barracks this weekend . . . while everybody else to the man was off in town getting stoned and smashed, getting their rocks off and having one hellava great time!

"Ya, it's the shits, man," agreed Savage, who was lying on his bunk and thumbing a dog-eared copy of *Playboy*.

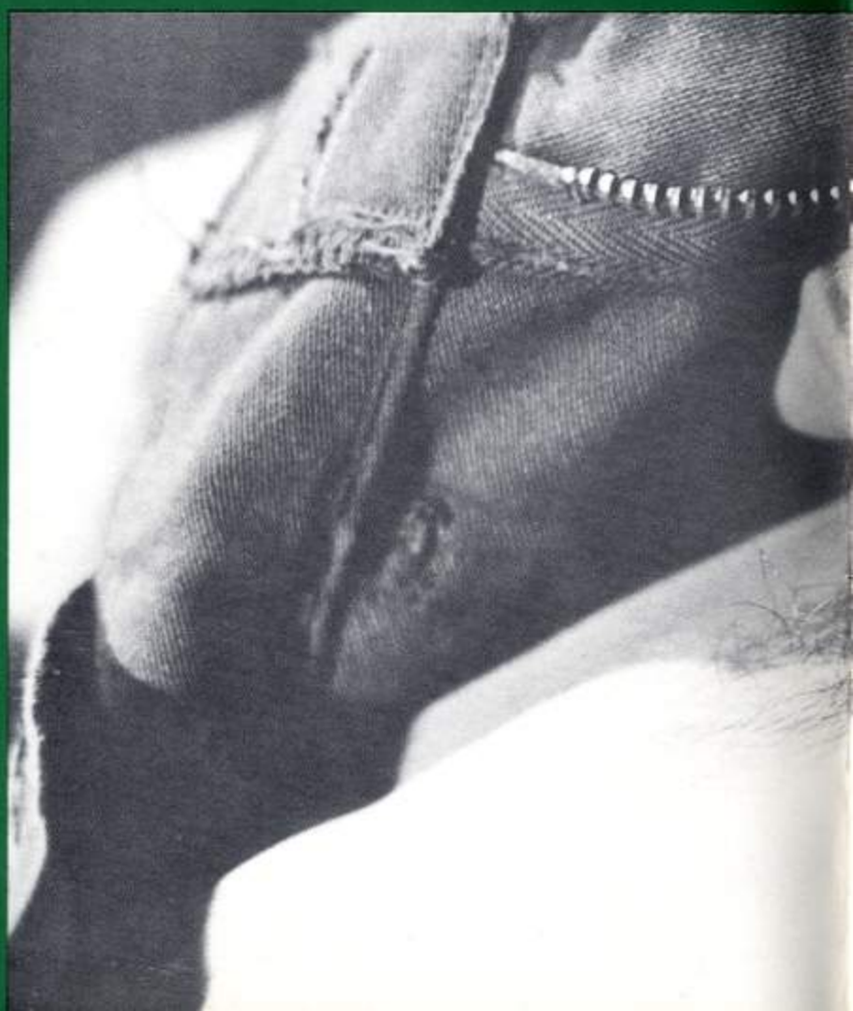
"It makes my cock ache just to think about all that fine civilian pussy we're missin' out on," he added.

"Fuck pussy!" responded Reddy, staring hard at the floor and taking another long, angry drag on his cigarette.

"That's what ya usually do with it, man. Unless ya dig eatin' it instead," chuckled Savage. He was rubbing the khaki bulge of his crotch now. It swelled under the pressure.

"Or, if ya maybe like suckin' *dicks* better," Savage added slowly,

PLAYBOY



after a long pause, staring intently at his buddy's back.

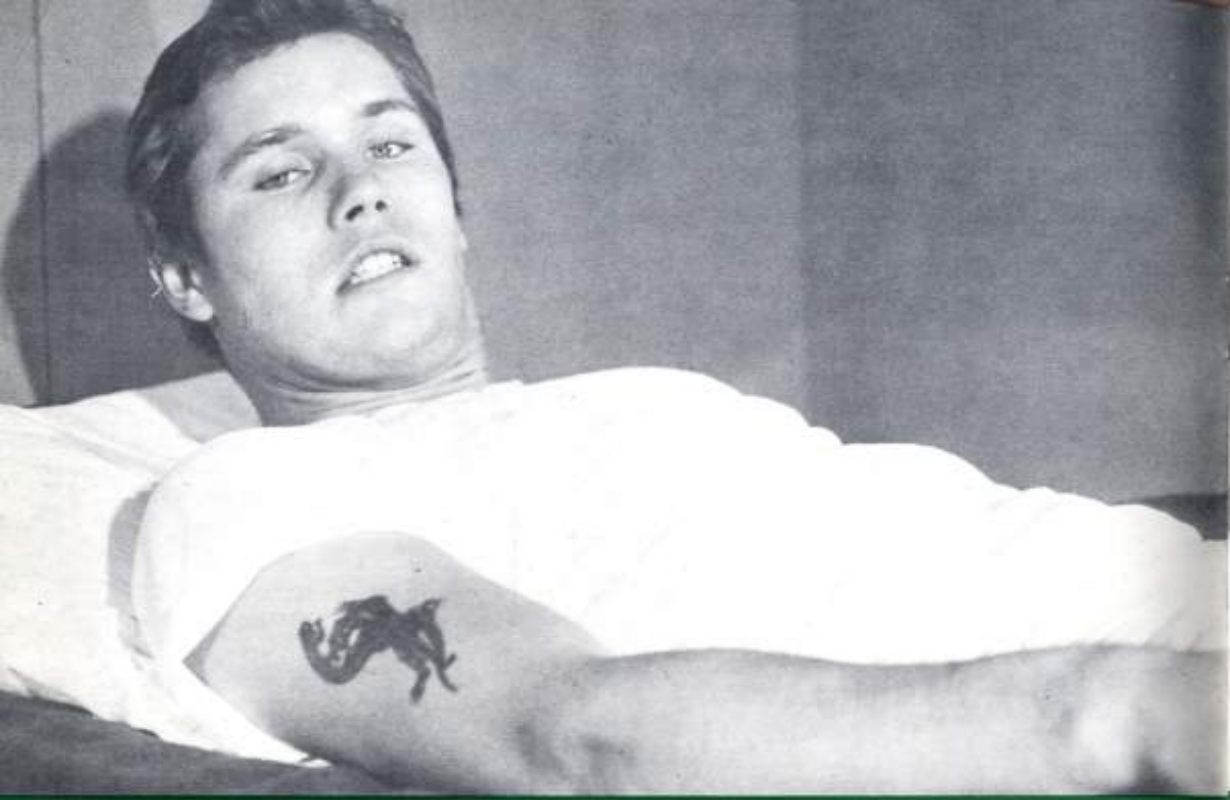
Another pause.

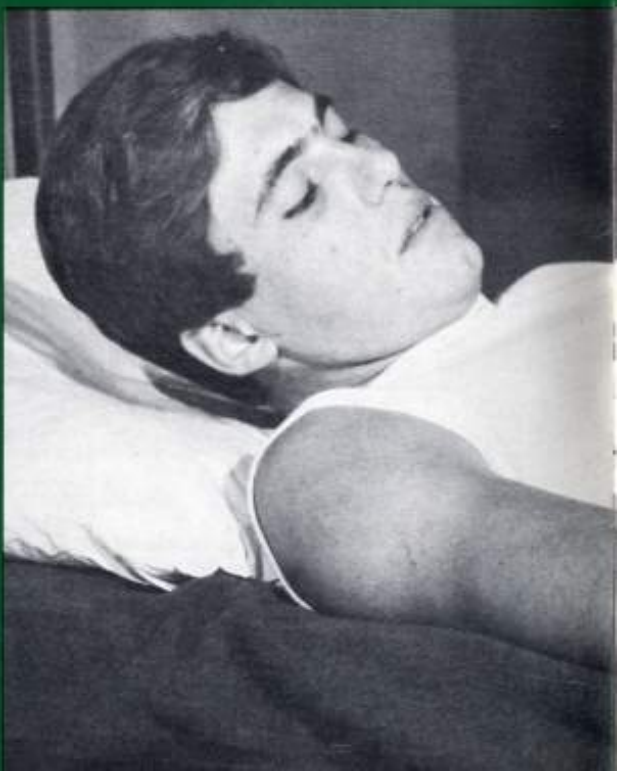
"Do ya dig suckin' dicks, Reddy?"

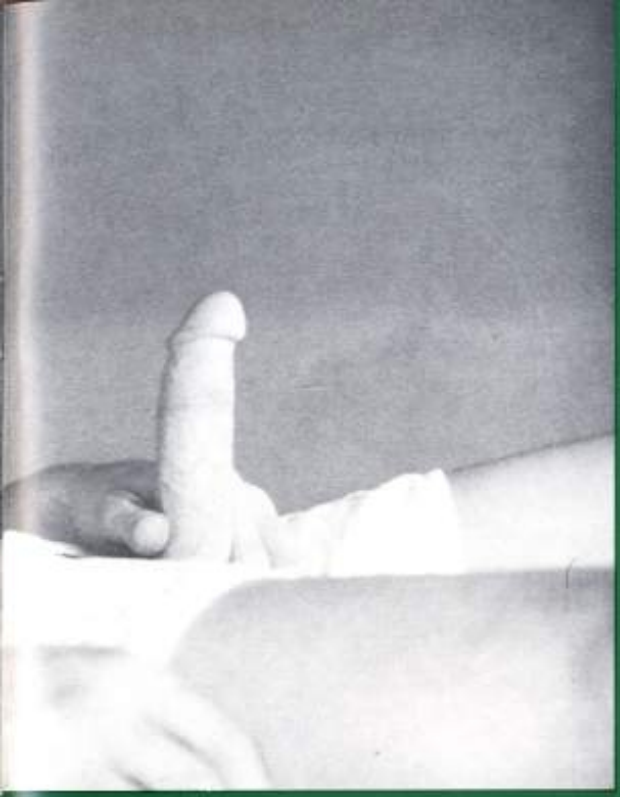
"Hey," the other said, turning to look at Savage. "I'm not into none a that fag stuff!"

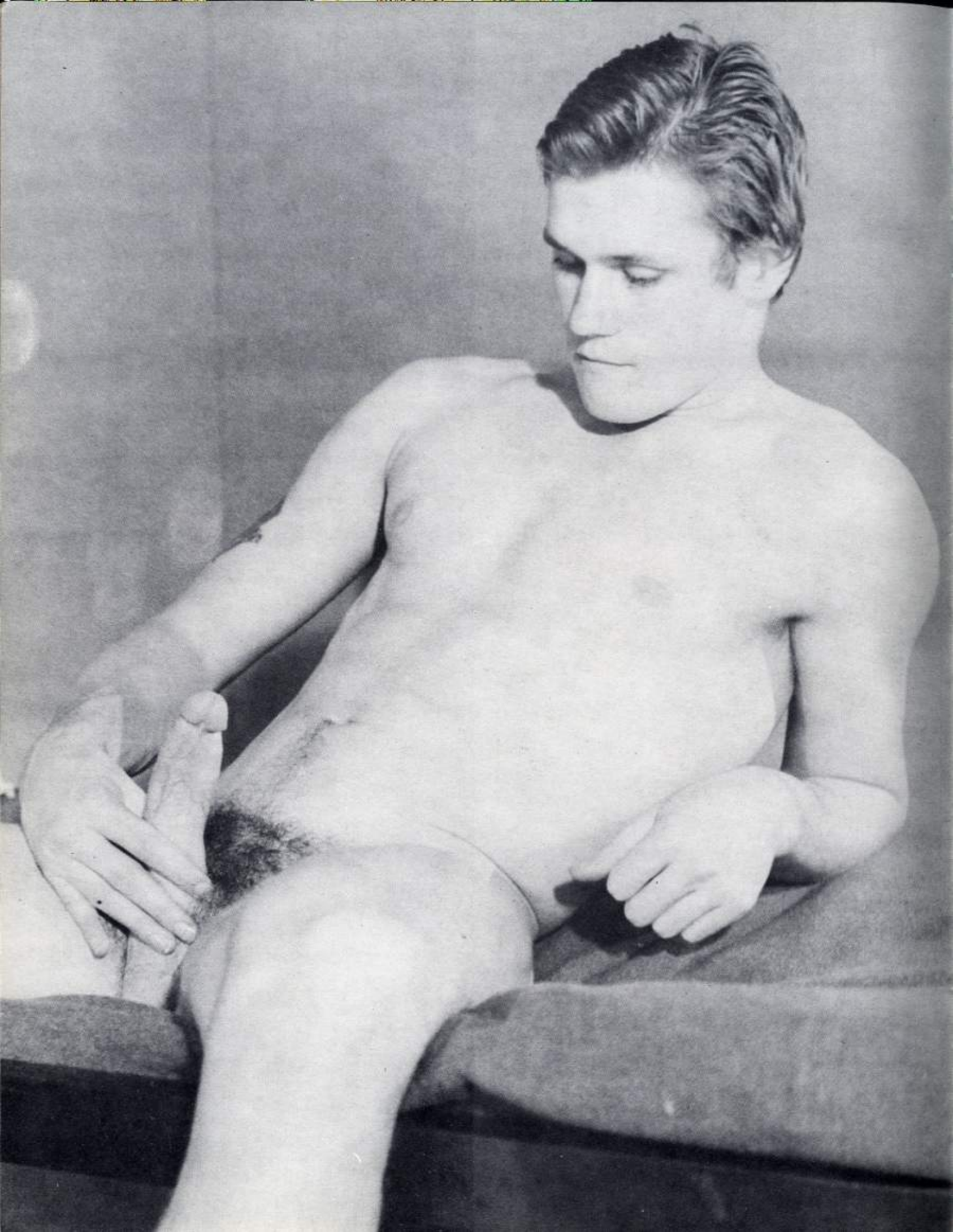
His eyes widened. Savage had his cock out of his fly now. It was rock hard and pointing tall, toward the ceiling.

"Don't gotta be no fag to dig big dicks, man," replied Savage, staring appreciatively at his stiff rod and stroking it full length.









slowly, squeezing the thick base, fingering the pee-hole and twisting the rosy head. With a plunge of his forefinger and a flick, he popped two egg-sized balls out of his fly and resumed stroking and squeezing the entire package, cock and balls together.

"Ya, man, I just get the fuck off on playing with my ole dick here. It's a real beautiful sight, all that hot meat, don'tcha think?"

Reddy felt his own cock swelling hard against his thigh.

"Ya, ya . . . it *is* real big, I guess," he stammered self-consciously.

"There ain't muchava chance around this fuck-hole camp to play with our dicks, is there, man? This shit-luck restriction might as well be used to advantage," said Savage.

"Me, I'm just gonna lay back and pet my pretty dick for awhile. You can watch, if ya want, Reddy. But don'tcha get too close.

cause this big fella's got a way a spittin' in yer eye if ya get 'im real excited."

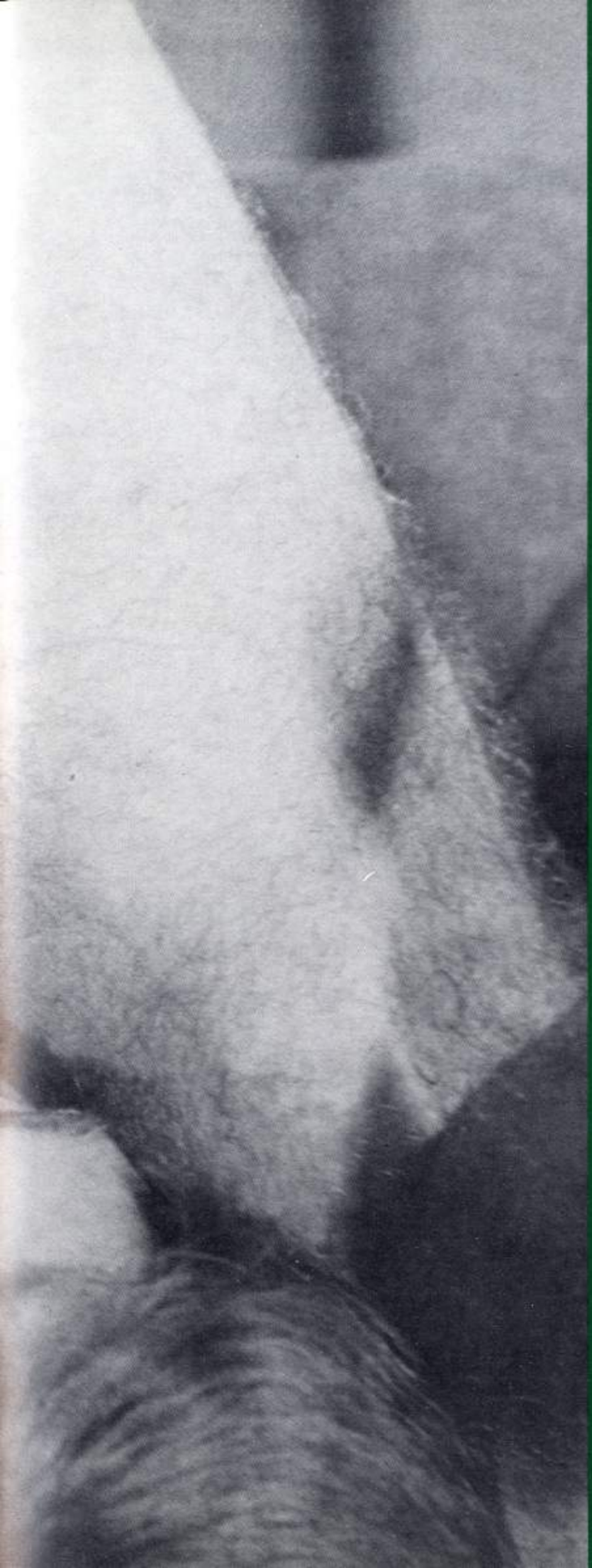
Reddy's own stiff cock was throbbing now. He thought he must be sweating, too, as he felt really hot all over.

"Do ya mind," he said hesitantly, "if I join ya, Savage?" Adding quicky, "I mean, if I play with my own cock too?"

"Far out, man," the other replied, smiling, pulling at the base to make his thick joint stand its fullest height.

"Stroke that rod a yers. I can see it's all ready."

The blond freed his own pulsing cock from its khaki confines and tentatively encircled it-with his fist. Slowly at first, then, as the response grew, faster and faster, until he was moaning, with



his eyes closed to everything except his private fantasies.

Stripping to their skivvies, then bare-assed naked, the hot bunkmate-duo took to their separate racks and whacked away at their powerful meats in wild frenzies of delight. Mattress springs creaked and delirious groans could be heard the length of the otherwise empty barracks.

"Hey, man, hey . . . Oh, I'm gonna shot it, man . . . Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Savage had doubled in half in the bottom bunk and was delivering his thick, pearly load into his own open mouth. The animal sounds of his gushing release brought Reddy to the edge of his own orgasm. In moments he, too, fell, off into the swirling chasms of pure delight. Hot cum spurted from the depths like a geyser and collected in thick puddles on his flat belly and curly blond pubes, almost steaming.

Much later, after the flashlighted nightwatch had made his routine pass through the darkened barracks to check on the presence of the two restricted privates, one of them slipped out of his rack and touched the other lightly on the shoulder.

"Hey, man, ya awake?"

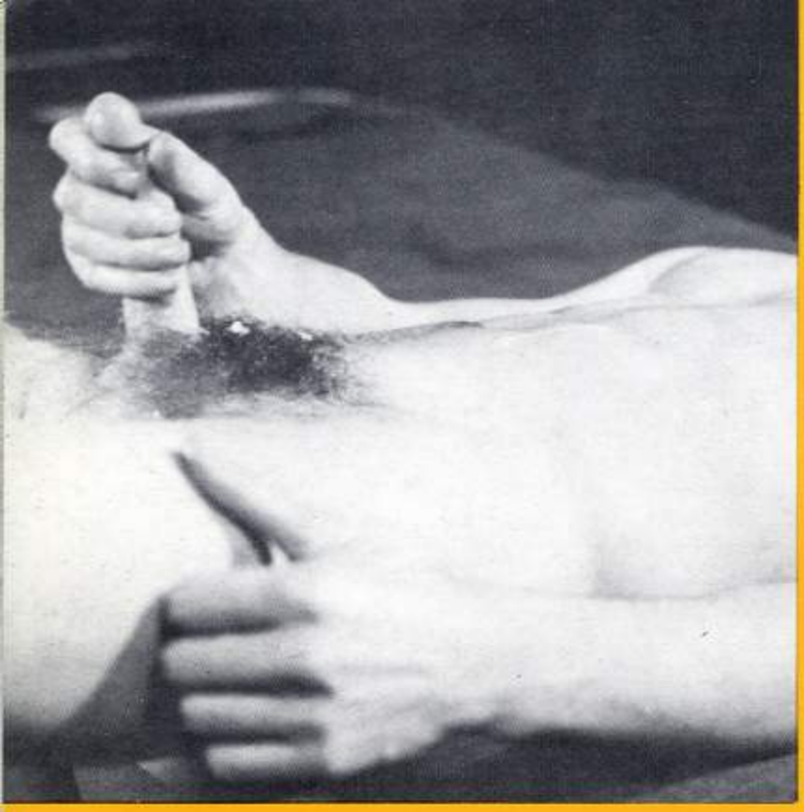
"Ya, sure."

"Mind if I slip in 'longside ya? I'm kinda fuckin' lonely, ya know."

"Well, I . . . ya, I guess it's okay. Sure, climb in."

"And horny as hell."

"Sorta figured as much . . . cocksucker."



NEW RECRUIT

When Private John Boyce was transferred into their unit, Savage and Reddy earmarked him for their special brand of friendship. Shy, a little nervous, young Boyce eagerly responded to their attention and ready help in adjusting to the routine of his new platoon. He was persuaded even to forego his first weekend liberty to hang around the near-empty camp and barracks with these two who'd been so friendly and understanding. Savage and Reddy themselves never took weekend passes these days.

That first evening alone with them in the deserted barracks

U.S. ARMY

held far more for Boyce than he bargained for . . . and had only dared *fantasize* as possible.

"Okay, Boyce," Savage suddenly announced as they were lounging on their bunks after supper chow in the mess hall. "Reddy, here, and me are fuckin' fed up with your sissy ways. We think you gotta be some goddamn pussy the way you're always skittery 'n jittery. Or maybe you're one a them fag boys or somethin'.

Boyce was stunned.

"Hey, guys, you're joking, aren't you? I mean, I thought you guys were my friends."

Reddy spoke as if he hadn't heard the half-hearted protest.

"Let's see if ya even gotcha a cock, Pussy. Whatcha wanna bet,

Savage, the fuckin' sissy don't even have a goddamn cock?"

"Drop yer pants, Pussy," threatened Savage.

The tone of their voices convinced the now frightened Boyce that his new "buddies" weren't joking. After another identical order from Reddy, he stood up and dropped his pants. His head was swirling and his mind went blank.

"Well, I'll be goddamned," chuckled Savage. "The little fucker's got some meat down there afterall. Not anything much to write home about, man, but, yep, that's sure 'nuf a cock okay."

"Lick my fuckin' boots, you little prick," demanded Reddy suddenly.

His heart pounding wildly between his ears, Boyce knelt and awkwardly tongued the glistening black spit polish of the other's boondockers.

"Hey, Savage, lookey there at that fuzzy blond ass all tooted up, invitin' like! Now that's a fine, fuckable asshole if I ever did see one. Give me your asshole, you bitchin' little fucker. Hey, Savage, this here's the pussy end, afterall. Let's just see how virgin sweet it is, huh."

Before Boyce could even mutter a protest, he felt his taut

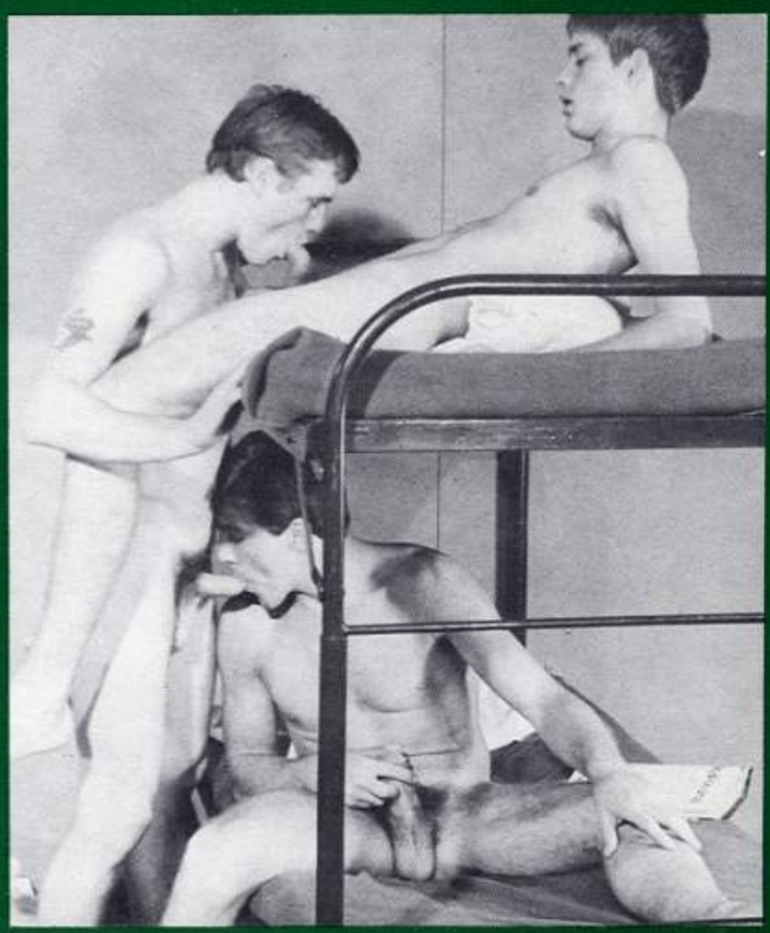
cheeks spread forceably by strong hands and his pink puckering anus probed then quickly penetrated by Reddy's slickened, hard cockshaft. His rectum didn't resist, but encircled and squeezed the fantastic thickness instead. He loved every wonderful stroke and pull back!

"Well, I'll be damned," exclaimed Reddy. "I think we got ourselves a live one here! This ain't no virgin fuckhole, Savage . . . No way. It sure's fuckin' back real nice! Hey, hey, ya . . . real nice and responsive! Wow!"

Boyce smiled inwardly, pleased that his stud friend, Reddy, was enjoying his sweet asshole, just as he'd been dreaming that he would. Suddenly his chin was cupped by a rough hand and jerked upward. A smiling Savage was forcing his stiffening, fat, long cock into Boyce's only too-willing moist mouth. And down his throat in deep thrusts.

"This end's sure no virgin territory neither, man. Suck on that big dick, boy! Yep, this one's a first-class cocksucker for sure. We picked ourselves a hot one, Reddy. Oh, ya!"

What followed was a non-stop orgy of fuck and suck action between fully willing participants, lasting long after taps and "lights out." The hard-nose attitudes of Savage and Reddy quickly changed to intense give and submitting take as young Boyce was eagerly initiated into the tight bond of their special friendship. A friendship that lasted and intensified until, one day, unexpectedly, transfer orders arrived and Mike Savage and Chuck Reddy were both packing their duffle bags off to new assignments . . . separated from each other and John Boyce by a wide ocean and half a continent.



BUNK BUDDIES

For weeks after the departure of Savage and Reddy, young Boyce was depressed and kept more to himself than ever. All he could think about was that he'd lost the two best friends he'd ever had.

Then, out of the blue came Paul Sanchez. Paul Sanchez! He'd been Boyce's bunkmate in boot camp. Theirs had also been a very special friendship. Sanchez had truly initiated the shy blond into the joys of assfucking and cocksucking. In only a few short days Savage and Reddy were fading pleasant memories and Sanchez had reclaimed his "best buddy" status.

"Say, this 'bunk liberty' is a far-out idea, Johnny boy," said the affable Sanchez as he and Boyce lounged together shirtless in the empty barracks. "Do you think there's any chance, though, that one of them dudes is going to pop back in on us unexpected?"

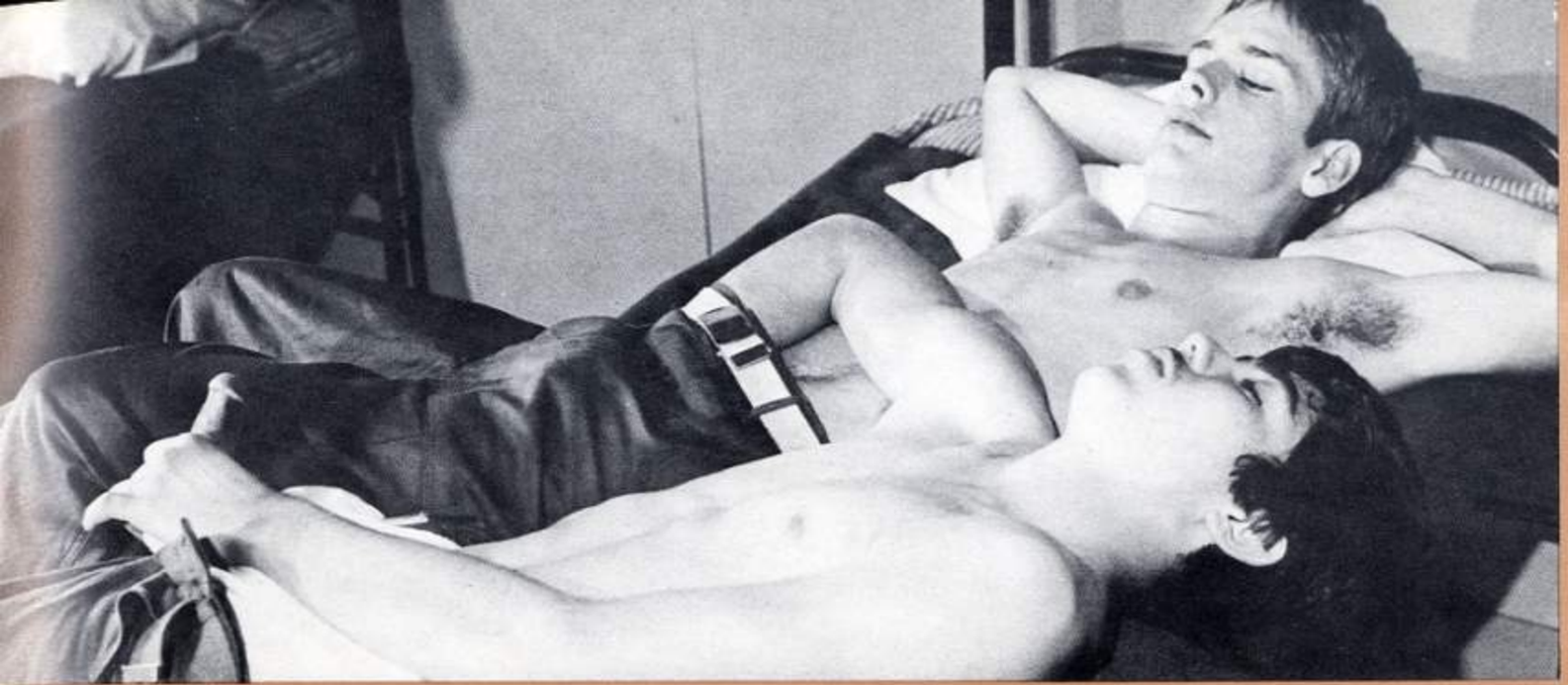
"No way," replied Boyce, as he unlatched the other's brass belt buckle and slipped a warm moist hand down inside his friend's loosened khakis, gliding over the wirey pubes until it grasped the thick base of the already lengthening cockshaft.

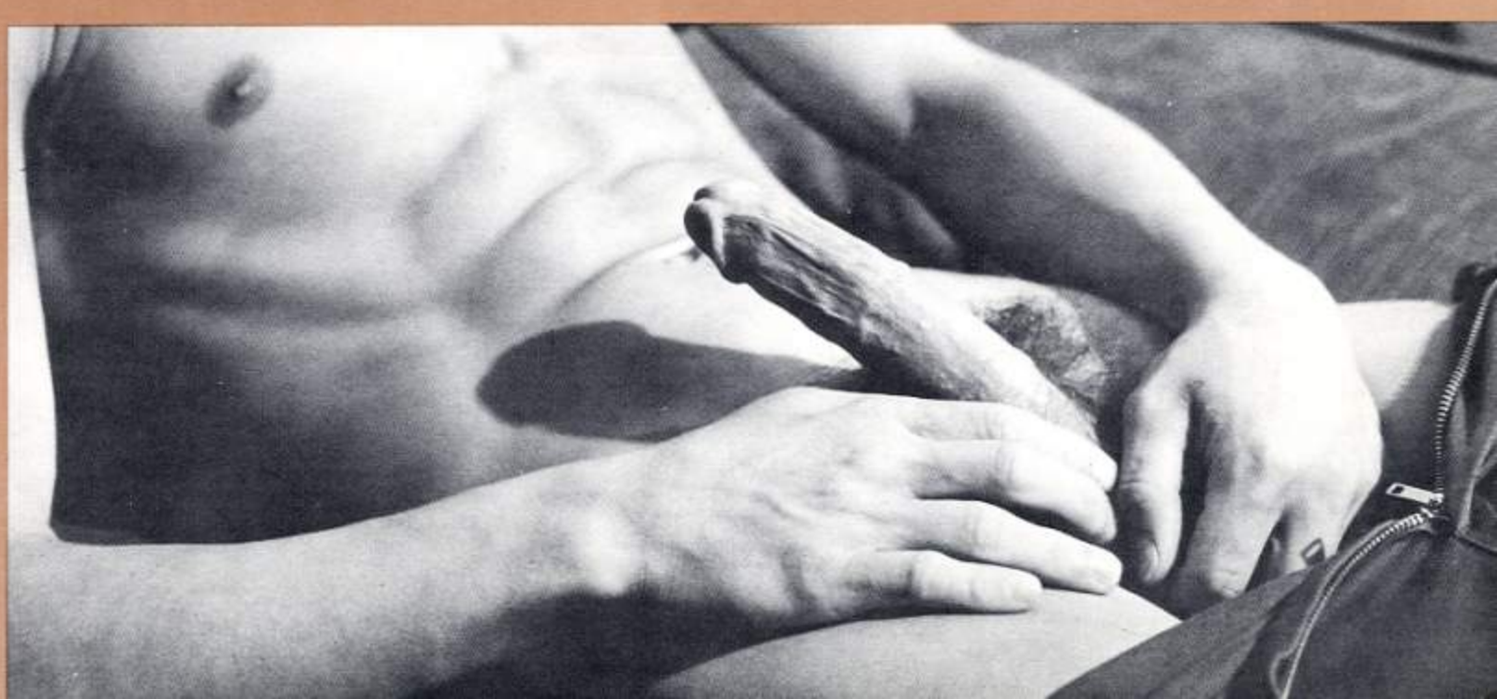
"Sure do like the feel of your dick, Paul. I want that glorious meat in my mouth and then up my sweet ass."

"You will, for sure, baby. Just take it easy, huh, or I'll shoot too soon, I'm so goddamn horny for you, Johnny. But, hey, ease up now. Come on!"

Boyce reluctantly released the prize he'd sought and lay back to let Sanchez find his own still-covered, throbbing manpole, thrusting first into the khakis and then freeing the rigid meat and stroking it tall.

Soon the two were free of trousers and boots and reclining on





their backs, face-to-face, cock-to-cock, in Sanchez's bunk. To tease, to tempt, to pleasureably delay the inevitable, each pulled and stroked, squeezed and twisted his own cock to the full delight of the other . . . for what seemed like hours but was only long minutes.

"Hey, there, Johnny, baby, oh, ya, I'm ready, ready . . . I'm going to shoot sky high if I don't plant this hungry dick into your juicy ripe ass."

"Sink it deep," said the other as he swung his legs back over his head in the tight space of the bunk.

"No, baby, dog style, dog style," urged a deep-breathing Sanchez. "Fast, or I'll shoot outside!"

Boyce reared his butt upward and his friend thrust home, sliding in smoothly, deeply, and immediately pounding hard

and fast against the furry blond buns.

"Oh shit, it's already starting! Oh, wow, wait, wait! Oh, oh, oh! Ya, wow, oh, baby, baby . . . it's all yours!"

Later, much later, in their pitch-dark far corner of the silent barracks two warm, satiated bodies clasped each other as one in a bottom bunk. The drowsy midwatch's prying flashlight noted only a single sleeper in his routine bedcheck.

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